My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare Loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rights
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Loue throughout the World. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy sute, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times good-night.
Ro. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight,
Loue goes toward loue as Schoole-boyes from their Bookes,
But loue from loue, toward Schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet *againe.*

Iu. Hist *Romeo*, hist, O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may speake aloude,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then myne
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my loue that cals vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Iu. *Romeo.*
Rom. My Deere.
Iul. What a clock to morrow

Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iuli. I will not faile, tis twe
I haue forgot why I did call th
Ro. Let me stand here till t
Iuli. I shall forget, to haue t
Remembring how I loue thy c
Ro. And Ile still stay, to hau
Forgetting any other home bu
Iuli. Tis almost morning, I
And yet no farther then a want
That lets it hop a little from hi
Like poore Prisoner in his twis
And with a silken thred plucks
So louing Iealous of his liberty
Rom. I would I were thy Bi
Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with muc
Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, til
Ro. Sleepe dwell vpon thine e
Would I were sleepe and peace
Hence will I to my ghostly Frier
His helpe to crane, and my deare

Enter Fryer alone

Fri. The grey eyde morne sm
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes
And fleckeld darkenesse like a dru
From forth dayes path, and *Titan*
Now ere the Sunne aduance his b
The day to cheere; and nights dan
I must vpfill this Osier Cage of o
With balefull weeds, and precio
The earth that's natures mother i
What is her burying Graue, that

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.